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MEMORIAL

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SENATE

UPON THE DEATH OF

HON. ALEXANDER E. PATTON,

LATE A SENATOR FROM THE THIRTY-FOURTH DISTRICT

OF

PENNSYLVANIA. *General Assembly, 1915.*
Senate.

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RESOLUTION.

In the Senate,
February 7, 1905.

Resolved, (if the House of Representatives concur), That one thousand (1,000) copies of the memorial services, held in honor of the late Honorable Alexander E. Patton, be printed for the use of the Senate.

FRANK A. JUDD,
Chief Clerk of the Senate.

The foregoing resolution concurred in February 8, 1905.

THOMAS H. GARVIN,
Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives.

Approved—The 14th day of February, A. D. 1905.

SAML. W. PENNYPACKER.



PROCEEDINGS OF THE SENATE

UPON THE DEATH OF

HON. ALEXANDER E. PATTON.

In the Senate,
Tuesday, January 24, 1905.

On motion of Senator Shepard, the following resolution was twice read, considered and agreed to, viz:

Resolved, That a committee of nine members of the Senate be appointed to draft suitable resolutions and prepare a programme for memorial exercises on the death of the late Senator John T. Harrison, of Philadelphia, who died on December eighteenth, one thousand nine hundred and three; of the late Senator Alexander E. Patton, who died September fifth, one thousand nine hundred and four, and upon the late Edwin W. Smiley, Chief Clerk, who died September seventh, one thousand nine hundred and four, and that a special meeting of the Senate be held Tuesday, February seventh, one thousand nine hundred and five, at two o'clock post meridian, to which said resolutions be submitted and the programme carried out.



MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS AND ADDRESSES.

In the Senate,
Tuesday, February 7, 1905.
Afternoon Session.

Pursuant to adjournment the Senate was called to order at two o'clock P. M., Lieutenant Governor Brown in the chair.

The PRESIDENT. The session this afternoon is held for the purpose of doing honor to the late Alexander E. Patton, a member of the Senate from the county of Clearfield.

PRAYER.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain, Reverend J. Wesley Sullivan, as follows:

O, Lord, our God, Thou dost lead us in marvelous and wonderful ways, and at this time Thou dost bring us into the face of death, for those whose hands used to grasp at ours and whose faces used to look into our own are now silent in the grave beneath the winter snow. In Thy providence they have been taken away from us. They have gone down the valley, the deep, dark valley, we shall see their faces no more until we pass down the valley, the deep, dark valley and meet them on the other shore.

Thou art teaching us that in the midst of life we are in death, and though we may realize the activity of life and there may be no indication of our weakness or of the death that awaits us, nevertheless, O God, we realize by these lessons that we are passing away and sooner or later we must stand in Thy presence at the bar of judgment to render to Thee an account of our stewardship, for we realize that the places that now know us shall soon know us no more forever.

Our desire and our prayer is that when Thy messenger

shall come to us that we may be ready; forbid that any of us should put off this great question, the preparation for the life that is beyond, and that death should meet us unprepared for this great change, help us by Thy grace and by Thy sustaining power to so live that we may have no fear, and we pray especially for the homes where death has come, where there are the widows and the beloved children, those who at this time look to this service being held here in memory of their beloved who have left them, we ask Thee that in their hearts of sorrow and bereavement may come Thy special blessing and comfort.

Bless us now, lead them and us by Thy presence so that when we are taken from this earthly home we may all go to that home not made by hands eternal in the heavens.

We ask it for Christ's sake, Amen.

Mr. SHEPARD. Mr. President, as a member of this committee appointed to express the sense of this body on the death of Alexander Ennis Patton, late a member of this Senate of the Twenty-fourth district, I present the following resolutions:

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, Our brother, Senator Alexander Ennis Patton, a member of the Senate of Pennsylvania of the Twenty-fourth district, has after the close of the last session passed from the busy scenes of life to the repose and peace of eternal rest; and

Whereas, His public and official career has distinguished him as one of the foremost citizens of our Commonwealth; therefore,

Resolved, That the Senate give expression to the great loss it has sustained in the death of our colleague, whose abilities as a legislator and whose industry, grasp of business and enthusiasm command the respect of the people of the Commonwealth.

Resolved, That his great enterprise in the development of the mineral resources of the central part of the State and in the construction of railroads, and his forcefulness in the conduct of all the industrial, commercial and financial matters

with which he was identified, marked him as the successful man of affairs.

Resolved, That his zeal in furthering the cause of public education, his interest in hospital work and in everything tending to the betterment of humanity as shown by his generosity in private life and his contributions to the cause of higher education, have erected a monument more enduring than can be erected by his contemporaries.

Resolved, That the loss to his own community and to his many associates is irreparable. The loss to the Commonwealth is great, but the greatest of all is to his own home, and we the members of the Senate surviving, tender our condolence to his family so bereaved and direct that a copy of these resolutions duly engrossed and attested be forwarded to his widow.

JESSE S. SHEPARD,
EDWIN A. IRVIN,
J. K. P. HALL,
J. HENRY COCHRAN,
H. H. CUMINGS,
JOHN M. SCOTT,
J. A. STOVER,
CYRUS E. WOODS,
JOHN S. FISHER,
WILLIAM C. SPROUL,
President Pro Tempore,
Committee.

ADDRESSES.

Colonel IRVIN. Mr. President: Alexander Ennis Patton was born October twentieth, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, at Curwensville, Pennsylvania, and died there on September fifth, one thousand nine hundred and four. He and I were related by blood and were also residents of the same community. We grew up in the same environment and with the like surroundings. Of the ancestry both paternal and maternal from which we both came, I will only venture to say this: They had an honorable and active part both in the early struggle for independence and in the later civic work, by which a wilderness was transformed into peaceful homes of comfort and plenty.

He was educated in the schools of his native town, at Chester Military Academy and in the historic Academy of Phillips at Andover. At the age of nineteen he first started in business in Iowa, where he remained for six years, when he returned to his native town where he engaged with his father in the banking business, which upon the latter's death in one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven he conducted himself, with marked success. With the exception of this absence, he had resided in Curwensville all his life.

I have knowledge of the large business enterprises with which he was identified and in the development of which he exhibited the great business acumen and capacity which distinguished him. He was a large factor in the energy and enterprises which is illustrated by the recent rapid growth of Clearfield county, and by the phenomenal development of the mineral resources of that section of the State.

He was an active, genuine and efficient friend of the cause of education. For a long time he was president of the school board of his native town. He was also president of the School Directors' Association of the county. For many years he had been a member of the board of directors of Dickinson Seminary at Williamsport and of that of Dickinson College at Carlisle. He was a liberal and cheerful patron of the cause of higher education, giving thereto frequently and in large amounts.

He was a man of broad charities. Both at home and abroad he was a liberal and intelligent promoter of all organized work having for its object the alleviation and uplifting of humanity. He was an earnest friend and supporter of hospital work. No worthy cause appealed to him in vain. In all this commendable endeavor he was a worthy son of an honorable sire. Inheriting the business qualities which so greatly distinguished his father in life, he also acquired the spirit of liberality which so well perpetuates his memory. He was wonderfully devoted to his family and found in his home life his greatest attraction.

In the nearer relations of life, in his own home, in the community where he lived as a boy and man, in his own county, he was beloved and respected and his early death, while in the prime of life, with all its great possibilities before him, caused the profoundest sorrow of which many of those now in this hall were witnesses when they joined the large throng of sorrowing friends and neighbors gathered at his burial. "The measure of a man's life is the well spending of it and not the length."

His place in the Senate was well filled. He soon became identified with important legislation, the scope and purpose of which his business experience and sagacity well qualified him to understand. While his early death has caused sorrow everywhere, it is some measure of compensation to know that this legislation bears the imperishable impress which he gave to it. May we be inspired to better work and higher achievement by the enthusiasm, the humanity and charity which characterized and crowned his career.

Mr. HALL. Mr. President: Whether the time honored custom of pronouncing eulogies on the lives and characters of deceased members is a good one, may well be questioned. They bring afresh memories of the past, when time has partially softened our suffering and alleviated our sorrows. However, this day has been designated for that purpose, and in the case of the late Senator Patton, it is surely appropriate to permit his fellow members to place upon record their high appreciation of his character and usefulness.

Reared in the county in which he was born, knowing him

from youth to manhood, and from manhood until his decease, I am in a position to speak of him as he was.

Alec Patton, as the late Senator was familiarly called, came of good stock. During his whole life, he adhered to and maintained untarnished the good name and fame of his family.

He lived in a progressive age, one which required a strenuous life, nerve, energy and a close attention to business to succeed. He made a success of life because he possessed all the qualifications necessary to succeed. The ability with which he conducted his large business interests, the energy he displayed, the close attention given, easily place him upon the roster of prominent business men of the age.

Banking, lumber, coal, railroad building, all successful, were among the business interests with which he was connected.

Honorable and upright, a believer in Christianity, a religious man himself, and to use the phrase oft repeated, "one of God's noblemen."

To prove this, one need only to have attended his funeral, as I did. His immediate neighbors, men of prominence from a distance, hundreds of them, all gathered at his home to pay a last tribute. The eulogies pronounced by his friends and neighbors would convince any one that no doubt could be entertained of the truthfulness of what I have said.

If anything more were needed, his association with us here would be convincing. He who grasped him by the hand and looked him in the eye, felt at once that Senator Patton was an honest man—always the same, always affable, he was still always trying to do his duty to his party and to the State, but his conscience came first.

We all know we have lost an able legislator. Who will next be summoned, we know not. Let us hope whomsoever it may be, he will be prepared as I believe Alec Patton was. I might talk for hours, and mean no more than I have said—Alec Patton was a man; that covers the whole ground.

The members of his sorrowing family have my enduring sympathy.

Mr. FISHER. Mr. President, at the request of Senator

Cyrus E. Woods, who has been detained at his home, I will read the address which he prepared.

Mr. PRESIDENT. We are here this afternoon to perpetuate our testimony of one who was more than a mere associate. He was our friend, and it is with bowed heads and aching hearts that we now pay tribute to his memory.

Death came so suddenly that it was a long time before we could realize that God's voice had spoken, and that never in this life should we again see the manly face of Senator Patton or grasp his hand in kindly welcome.

In our official relations here, our battles are fought, and lost, or won, among ourselves. The great world outside these halls knows little of the motives, or the reasons, or the ambitions which actuate us. But in our own little world, which we as members of this body constitute, a different characteristic dominates. We know when the words come from the heart, and when they are addressed to the gallery. We know when the purpose is right, and we know when it is wrong. We know when that purpose is to serve the Commonwealth, and we know when it is to serve only self. Reputation, therefore, as the outside world gives it, may be but a mere bubble, but to be loved and respected by our fellows is as the Kohinur among gems.

Senator Patton was loved and respected by everyone of his associates in this body. His unfailing truthfulness, his rugged honesty and integrity, his courage, and with all of these, his gentleness, bound us to him with bands of steel.

A few summers ago, while wearily tramping over the Glacier des Bossons, which leads to the ascent of Mount Blanc, we halted for a moment's rest at a little mound of debris, which had been carried down from the moraine above, by this sea of ice. On this mound we discovered to our surprise a little bunch of Alpine flowers. The wind had carried the seeds from the depths below, and these seeds had found a lodging place, protected from the ice and snow. The bright summer's sun had reached them, with its ever warming rays, and now flowers blossomed, showing their timid faces, courageously and daringly, in the very midst of this frigid sea. On all sides was perpetual ice and snow, but they were powerless to destroy the bloom and fragrance.

It seemed to me that these flowers were typical of the friendships we form in political life. Politics is necessarily war, and its success means the survival of the politically fittest. It is always the Glacier des Bossons, and above and beyond is the summit of Mount Blanc calling us on. On all sides is perpetual ice and snow, but they are powerless to destroy the bloom and fragrance of the friendships we form in our efforts to reach the summit of our ambitions.

Senator Patton is dead. It is the law of our existence that those who fight on the skirmish line of life shall fall, but the influence of his friendship, and of his sterling character, shall live on. They make us thankful to God for our belief in immortality. That belief sustains us now, and to this loved friend, who has gone before, we say not "good-night," but pray that in the better world he may welcome us all with a glad "good morning."

Mr. FOX. Mr. President and my fellow Senators:

"We toil, we strive, we live in care
And in the end possess—despair;
Our sun of youth, of hope, is set,
And all our guerdon is—regret."

This was the estimate put upon life by a great Persian poet and perhaps it may be true of the lives of some of us, but in truth we may say, not so of that of our departed friend. Engaged and engrossed as he was in the multitudinous affairs about him, he knew not despair; his sun of youth, of hope, had never set; and when the final summons came to him his guerdon was not regret. He lived not for himself alone, his life was not circumscribed within so narrow a limit, but he lived for those about him. He recognized and welcomed the duties and responsibilities he owed not as a man only but as a citizen as well and promptly performed them. He not only was active in business, in social, in philanthropic, in spiritual matters, but he was equally so in guarding the public weal and in laboring for the success of our country and the safety of her free institutions. He was a potent factor for that which was good. He was always actuated by the temper of a high minded and honorable man; his policy was always conscientious and straightforward and he could ever be implicitly trusted. He had an exalted spirit and a magnanimous en-

thusiasm for truth and right. He had but one and the same high standard in his private and public life and we will do well to emulate his example for it teaches to us the duties private and public we owe and the better how to discharge them. The spontaneous greetings of hearts overflowing with joy and gratitude, that he received from those about him at his home, here and elsewhere, were manifestations of the nobility of his nature.

His community was benefited by his having lived in it; this Senate was made more attractive by his having been one of its members; our Commonwealth was enriched by his citizenship.

My fellow Senators, we grieve that we have looked our last upon our departed companion. He has been bidden by the Master to pass through the gates of death and they have been closed upon him, and he is now upon his long and silent journey. We are encircled in gloom and we gaze into this impenetrable mystery. Our last wish, our last hope, our enduring trust, our abiding faith and our fervid prayer is that a radiant celestial light may be his beacon and may illumine his way to everlasting and never ending glory, peace and repose.

“Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home;

Lead Thou me on;

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

* * * * *

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.”

Mr. SPROUL. Mr. President, I could not let this opportunity pass without paying my humble tribute to a friendship which I honored and appreciated. I only wish that I had the power of speech to do justice to my feelings in the loss of Senator Patton. I do not recollect the time in my life when the death of an associate came to me as

a greater shock. If I had been asked to select the one whom I thought the least likely of all of us to be called beyond, I think I would have chosen Alexander Patton as the least likely to have been called to answer the great final roll call. His strong and rugged frame and his physical force were such that it seemed that he should have been here for a great many years instead of being called from the midst of his career to go to the great beyond, and his loss brings to me most forcibly the lesson of the uncertainty of life and the debt we all owe to the great Master.

Senator Patton belonged to a race of men who came of that sturdy Scotch Irish stock which all over the world has gone into new and untried fields and has built empires in the wilderness.

He lived under our beneficent institutions and I believe that this man will rank with our foremost men in any walk of life.

I remember, very well, when Senator Patton came into the State Senate. I do not know of a man who has come here who in his first session made a more favorable impression. His attention to duty, his independent character and action and his desire to be on the right side of the matters which were submitted to him for consideration, were very early manifested, and I feel safe in saying that they impressed themselves upon the actions of this Senate. All his business affairs, his management of railroads, great coal and lumber industries, banks and manifold interests, did not prevent him giving his attention to the better side of human life. He did not follow alone the sordid pursuit of gain. His interest in education, as the resolutions have stated, and in the charitable institutions of the State, was particularly in earnest at all times, and his record here on matters which were brought up in these directions in the last session will be for themselves a monument to his zeal.

I can well imagine what the loss of a man like Senator Patton must have been to the community in which he lived. I remember attending a town meeting in Curwensville at which our distinguished Senator, his successor, was presiding. There was a great outpouring of the people from all parts of that western country who came there to express their sym-

pathy and regret at the loss of Senator Patton. It can easily be realized what his loss must have been to that community, and I think I take no liberty in saying that Senator Patton's loss was felt almost as keenly in Delaware county, where he went to school in the old city of Chester, as it was over in Clearfield. His loss was felt as keenly everywhere in the State, and his is a hard place to fill.

Mr. ROBERTS. Mr. President, There have been words said here this afternoon in memory of Senator Patton much abler and much better suited to this solemn occasion than any I could possibly utter, so that it would be presuming for me to add anything to what has already been said, and were it not for the fact that during the short time I knew him he granted me the privilege of his friendship and companionship, which to me, a younger man, had a value that I can little describe so that I cannot resist saying a few words and placing as it were my slight wreath as a tribute to his memory.

I do not believe in unduly praising men after they have died for with that one action of their lives they have nothing to do nor any power to control; we should not hesitate to speak in real frank words concerning the deeds and lives of those who have gone so that we may better profit by the example of their lives.

Senator Patton was human with those human characteristics which draw one man to another, he had his faults like every man must have, but those faults are lost sight of in the midst of sterling qualities which went to make up the man.

It was here in the hall of this Senate that I first knew him and came to feel the effect of his remarkable personality which had won so many others before it was my privilege to have been intimately associated with him during the short time he was a member of this body. It was from him more than any other that I learned the value of a manly, honest man in public life. His high sense of honor and his sense of the trusts imposed upon a public officer always stood out bright and clear as an example to his fellows. It made us ashamed to do a wrong in his presence and acted as a stimulus to higher and better motives. Senator Patton was a

statesman in the best sense of that word. I do not mean he was a Gladstone, a Webster, or a Clay, his star had not yet risen to brilliance, yet it shone brightly, but there was not a man in this Senate who did not feel his influence and who in feeling it did not realize he was no ordinary man.

He served his district and his State, not guided by any sordid personal motive, but from the unselfish desire to do what was good and right for the people by whom he had been chosen to serve, yet withal he had that breadth of mind which enables a man to see clearly on all sides of a question, and seeing clearly, so to act aright. That is what I mean by a statesman, and that is what Senator Patton was.

Why at a comparatively young and vigorous age he should have been taken from us and those more near to him, when we seemed to need him most, neither you nor I can question. What God rules is right and is for the best, but we do know that by his death this State of Pennsylvania has lost a noble son, this Senate one of its most manly members and we a valued friend. Cannot I but sum up with those words of Byron, spoken of an equally noble character, and which seems to apply so aptly here:

* * * * *

He had kept

The whiteness of his soul and thus men o'er him wept."

Mr. DEWALT. Mr. President, "And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground, where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

When Dean Swift wrote these words, he expressed a whole volume of truth in five lines, and it is by this standard that the deeds of all good men should be measured, and if this be true what shall the judgment be in regard to the life that has so lately passed? After one has listened to the eloquent eulogies which we have heard, there seems little left to say, yet all that has been said was in that sad strain, which refers to death, while the life so lately ended, and the words here spoken convince me "that there is no death, what seems so is transition."

Our friend still lives, lives in the memory of those who loved him, and those who knew him best, loved him most. He lives in the affection of all those who knew the kindness of his heart, and the true nobility of his mind; he lives in the example his life gives to others, who are striving as he strove, in the path of duty, and of right. He is not dead, for his deeds live in this very room, where for so many days he took his part with such signal ability. He lives in the record he made in the community in which he moved, as an upright man, a steadfast friend and a wise counsellor, and as long as eyes can read and tongue can speak, this record will not die.

What a travesty and failure all human life would be, were such a life to die! What good in human effort and achievement, if with dissolution there came the end!

No, there is transition, not death, and this soul has merely left its poor clay house to go to a nobler mansion, there to continue, in eternity, the course here begun. And how was that course marked? What were its sign manuals? What record can those who are left behind inscribe upon the tablet which commemorates his course here on earth? Whilst thus I ponder, I am reminded of a summer evening when the sun was slowly sinking to his bed, in rosy clouds, and all nature was preparing for its rest, while sauntering through a New England village churchyard, I chanced upon a stone with this simple inscription on its face:

“A lover of his kind, and by his kind beloved.”

Many monuments of bronze and lofty marble have I seen, tablets and monuments commemorative of the deeds and virtues of the great departed, and yet none of these have ever appealed to me as did this quaint and touching tribute to the memory of one, truly good. The quiet of the place, its remoteness from the strife and turmoil of the busy world, the hallowed associations, all made the time and scene one for meditation, and whilst I studied the words I read, it seemed to me that never had I seen a more fitting tribute.

It is said that the good that men do lives after them, and it is equally true that the evil is not forgotten. Death with its mantle of charity covers many of the faults of mortal men, and that same charity enlarges the good which these men do.

How fitting would this same inscription be if placed at the resting spot of him, whose death we to-day are met to mourn? How true it is that he was "a lover of his kind, and by his kind beloved." When the startling report was given that Senator Patton had died, grief in the community in which he was so well known was universal. It can be truthfully said that no one uttered any words but those of sorrow.

The Latins in the days of old had a proverb which ran thus: "Of the dead, say naught but good." That admonition was not needed here, for none could say any evil. That this man was a paragon is not claimed. He was very human. Like all men he had his faults, but his virtues were so many and his failings so few, that when his loss was known only the former were thought of and the latter quite forgotten.

The adversities of fortune and the bitterness of fate, oftentimes, in many men, change the milk of human kindness to bitter gall. This man, like others, met the cruel shafts of fate, and yet that warm generous heart was always throbbing with kindness and sympathy for the ills of others. It was his greatest pleasure to forget his own sorrows in the pity that he had for those who suffered. Somewhere in the Great Book it is said, "Charity covereth a multitude of sins." Had this man been the vilest of sinners, his charity would have been great enough to hide all his faults.

How often have you heard it said, since that poor body was laid to rest, "he was my friend?" How often have you heard in tones of deep regret, "he helped me when I most needed help?" His sympathetic nature made him the confidant and advisor of many; their troubles, their cares, their difficulties, became his burden; and upon his honor and high sense of duty, those who sought his advice could always rely. His word was as good as his bond. It required no paper writing as evidence of an agreement with this man. His simple eye was quite sufficient.

You have heard of the ability and sterling honesty of our friend. There have been recited to you his achievements as a citizen, and public officer, in various stations, and you have been told, how, in every one, he met every demand. His patience, modesty and simple way of life have been all

told to you. How, with all the honors an appreciative community, irrespective of politics, could give to him, he still lived the quiet, unassuming gentleman, whose daily walk and conversation we all knew, and so much respected. The nobility and purity of his mind was inherited. He came from that good revolutionary stock that lived in the time that tried men's souls. His forefathers were those who were ever quick to see the right, and to follow that sight with proper action. Taught in the school of adversity, that life's burdens are grievous, they and he were quick to sympathize with others in distress, and to advise those who in their opinion seemed to need it.

Some one has wisely said, "nothing is given so profusely as advice," and another wiser still "the most difficult thing is to know one's self, and the easiest to advise another." But when the advice and sympathy take practical shape in the way of substantial aid, then the test of true friendship comes, and it can be truthfully said that this man's sympathy and advice were not mere lip-service. With the words came also the sympathetic hand; not empty, but full for all needs.

Do you wonder then that we mourn him, and yet say, "he is not dead; that there is no death, and what seemed so is mere transition?" Kindly deeds, quietly done, may not be as striking as great learning, or political acumen or lofty station, but they rear in the hearts of those who know them a monument more enduring than the pyramids which still stand to mark Egypt's fall.

How fortunate for all that this life and the course it ran was appreciated by those who knew it; and doubly so that we are all so willing to testify to this great worth, at its end.

When the mother of the poet Burns was taken to Edinburgh to see the monument erected in honor of her great son, she said, "Aye, Robbie, ye asked them for bread, and they hae gien ye a stone." Her son Robbie was the sweetest singer in the English world, the poor man's poet, the songster of the home and fireside, and yet whilst he was singing some of his sweetest lays, he scarce had bread to eat, and neither hearth nor home. The ingratitude of that people

to one who was their tenderest minstrel was enough to sadden other hearts as well as that of Burns' mother.

But to this one, the faithful public servant, the successful business man, the kind gentleman, and above all, the good friend, we, and an appreciative community, have given recognition of his worth by just reward, and now, with sorrowing voice and tear-dimmed eyes, we erect in our hearts that monument of love and gratitude which shall perish only when we no longer live. What higher tribute could we, as fellow-Senators pay him than this?

All men of proper spirit love success, and strive to achieve it; and it may be, that in the struggle, some who are not so successful as their fellows, by reason of their failure, become envious. The truly great nature has nothing of this, and rejoices most when its success is like that of others.

This man also struggled for what he deemed success, and in his day had thereof full measure. Disappointments he met, failures, no doubt, often came. Like all of us, he sometimes saw others reap the harvest which he had sown, and yet how true it is, that none ever heard from his lips one bitter word of complaint or envy. Truly, in this man's veins there ran the milk of human kindness. High in his ideals, inherently honest, and well grounded in the principles of broad humanity by his early training, he was one in whom the people could reliably confide.

How many there are of whom it can well be said, they are not builders but wreckers. The delight of many men seems to lie in pulling down, instead of building up. They thrive best in disorganization; they fatten upon loot, and revel in discord. How different the nature of this man was. With his mind, his heart and his purse, he was always first to aid in building up. His was not a destructive genius, it was constructive, and this not only for himself, nor where his interests were concerned, but where the public weal, and the good of all was most apparent.

How many enterprises which tended toward the good of all did he foster? How many poor and deserving young men did he aid? How great was his sympathy and generous

conduct to all those who needed help? Those who knew him best, can this best tell.

In his life, that phrase which we have so often heard, and which by Divine command was given, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," was fully exemplified.

It may be true in some instances that the selfish man is most successful in the acquisition of this world's goods, but how slight is his recompense, even though he have all the wealth of the Indies, as compared with that of the man of whom it can be truthfully said "he lived for others, and not for himself alone."

I have said that this man was very human. Had he been without faults, he would have been divine, but his very faults were lovable. Where, in your recollection can you recall a better companion or truer friend than this, our late brother? Quick in his sympathies, loving in his disposition, open and truthful in his nature, he was a man without guile. He wore no mask; his face was as open as the brightness of the day.

There are some men, if the choice of two ways be given them; one straight, direct and open; the other, tortuous, crooked and hidden, they will choose the latter. It is part of their nature to be crooked. Whoever heard that this man was aught but straight?

But, why, my friends, should I recount to you the noble qualities of this man. There may be many who knew him longer than I, but there are few, I think, who knew him better, and were I to prolong these remarks, I could but repeat what you all know, and what so many of you have said, far better than I can say it. His race is run; his strife is done, cut off in the prime of his life, in the very noon of his day, it seems a cruel fate that met him.

But all life is like a voyage—with sails full set and weather calm, our bark is started; no boisterous waves, nor sullen clouds threaten the journey, and yet, e'er that fair vessel has passed beyond the sight of shore, the storm may come, and with its coming, those waves, before so calm and peaceful, those clouds so light and airy, may change to angry seas, and tempestuous storms, and with that change may come engulfment.

It is better thus, or else it were not so, for however little faith we may have, experience teaches us that "whatever is, is right;" and the great problem for all, is not how to die right, but how to live right; to live a seemly life, for at the end of that life there comes what some call death, and others name transition, and the result of all life teaches that "if death were not, there would be nothing on earth more miserable than man." A man's life work may soon be forgotten by the unthinking, but those whose memories are not ephemeral, will remember the good deeds and the kindly acts that have been done, and in truth, it can be said, that the life work is remembered when the laborer is forgotten.

This man's life teaches, above all, that it pays to lead a seemly life. His example brings to mind, the words of Goethe:

"Wouldst thou fashion for thyself a seemly life?
Then fret not over what is past and gone;
And spite of all thou may'st have lost behind,
Yet act as if life were just begun;
What each day wills the day itself will tell;
Do thine own task, and be therewith content;
What others do, that shalt thou fairly judge;
Be sure that thou no brother-mortal hate,
Then all beside leave to the Master Power."

When the dead Senator's friends and neighbors gathered to pay their last respects, all noticed the wealth of beauty in floral decoration that was strewn about his bier. Had these blossoms numbered thousands, they would not have been too many to voice the regrets of those he left; had their fragrance been undying and their bloom forever fresh, they could have been no sweeter or brighter than the love in which we held him. With the immortal poet, we all can say:

"His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, this was a man."

The PRESIDENT. The knowledge of what is to come and to look at the dial of the clock admonishes the Chair that he must be brief. I would like to bring and lay a little red wreath of love upon the memory of Senator Patton. I have

learned to-day how you loved him. I think I knew him well. He was an elegant gentleman and yet one of those forcible and honorable, high character American citizens to whom Pennsylvania owes to-day her prestige and power among the Commonwealths of the world.

On the question,

Will the Senate agree to the resolutions?

They were unanimously agreed to.

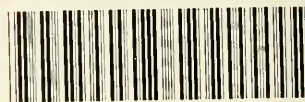


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